

BOTS IN HORSES.

To the Editor of the Agriculturist.

SIR,—I have received and read the December Number of the *Agriculturist* with much satisfaction.

That learned lecture delivered before the Legislators of the State of Maine, upon Colic and Bots in Horses, is worth ten years subscription for the *Agriculturist*, to any lover of that noble animal, the horse.

His description of Quacks making a "slop shop" of the horse's stomach, I believe to be perfectly true, and that many a fine animal has been killed by being drugged for Bots.

I most decidedly differ from the learned lecturer when he states that Bots are "harmless" in the stomachs of horses.

"He says he has heard some wonderful stories related of Bots burrowing through the coats of the stomach, this, he thinks, rarely takes place while the horse is alive; that cavity is the home of the Bot, its natural habitation, for he knows of no other."

I will admit the "habitation," and relate a case that came under my personal observation, and ask a few questions for information:—

More than thirty years ago, in the month of March, a man had a horse, which had been poorly wintered, taken sick at my place. The animal appeared to be in great distress; rolling, biting his flanks, stretching, and rolling again. There were many men present. Some said he had Bots, others the Colic; however, it was the general opinion that he had not stuff enough in him to produce the Colic. The pain continued about thirty hours, when he died. I had the carcase opened while warm; there was no visible sign of Colic to my dull understanding. Taking out the almost empty stomach, we saw large dark-looking spots upon it, externally covered with small black specks or points protruding through the stomach; passing my finger over the place it felt hard and rough like a grater.

Opening the stomach we discovered these dark spots to be a compact mass of bots, the largest spot the size of my hand, and two other spots each more than half as large; altogether they would form a space six inches square, and contained several hundreds of bots. They were as compact and as well fitted together as cells in honey comb, and as the Lecturer observes, they were attached to the stomach by "one end," which he does not say, and were as large as the full-grown Bot-fly. I poured strong whiskey on them, which had no visible effect. They appeared perfectly temperate. I regret that I had not turned the stomach over and poured the whiskey directly into their face and eyes, to see if that would make them wink. This made me suppose that drugs could not be given to kill Bots without killing the horse, which I verily believe is too often the case. Scraping the Bots off the stomach with a knife, to which they were firmly attached, we were astonished to find the whole inside coat of the stomach eaten up, or gone the full size of the patches covered with the Bots, with innumerable holes entirely through the stomach.

Mr. Editor, I desire to ask the learned lecturer or any one who says that Bots are harmless—